THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, Auguſt 16, 1802.

Deſcription of the moſt eccentric Character in London.

THIS ſingular man reſides at the corner of the Old Crown Tavern, Leadenhall-ſtreet, and near the India-houſe, conſequently in one of the moſt conſpicuous ſituations in the city. His name is Nathaniel Bentley; his father was a moſt reſpectable and rich hardware-man, lived in the ſame houſe, and died about the year 1770; he lived in a good ſtile, kept his carriage, and gave his ſon a liberal education; he ſpeaks the French and Italian languages fluently, and informed the writer of this narrative, that he ſpent a winter at Rome, and has been ſeveral times at Paris. Previous to his father's death, and for ſome years after, he was called, "the beau of Leadenhall-ſtreet," and was ſeen at all public places dreſſed as a man of faſhion. He attended in a moſt elegant ſuit the fete at Ranelagh, given by the Spaniſh ambaſſador on the king's recovery. His manners in company ſtill beſpeak the gentleman, whilſt his preſent appearance in buſineſs is the moſt diſguſting that can be conceived. He who was once diſtinguiſhed for his elegance and taſte in dreſs, and whoſe favourite ſuit, in his beauiſh days, was a light blue and ſilver, with his hair dreſſed in the extremity of faſhion, chapeau de bras, &c. is now ſo changed into one of the moſt dirty creatures in exiſtence, that he has acquired the nick name, amongſt even the loweſt claſſes of people, of Dirty Dick! and his houſe is called "the dirty warehouſe."

The writer of this article having heard of this extraordinary character, called on him more than once, under the pretence of purchaſing ſome article, and he found nothing exaggerated in the accounts he had heard of him and his ſhop: he was as uſual without a coat; his waiſtcoat and breeches in value next to nothing; his ſhirt, his face, and hands, as black as his windows;

his hair ſtood up " like the quills of the fretful porcupine," all begrimed with exceſſive dirt, and he appeared to have been a determined enemy to the uſe of combs for ſeveral years paſt. His ſhop was dark and full of various ſorts of goods packed in caſes, reaching nearly to the ceiling. The writer aſked him for a penknife, he inſtantly produced a variety from this mighty maſs and unarranged collection of goods. His cuſtomer ventured to aſk him why he did not ſort his articles better, as it muſt be almoſt impoſſible to come at ſome of them without the aſſiſtance of ſeveral porters? He acknowledged the truth of the obſervation, but replied, that " he had not time ſo to do; he was conſtantly employed, and had not undreſſed himſelf for the laſt five nights; he was ſo full of thought on the future management of his affairs, that he could not unbend his mind to pull off his clothes." He was aſked why he did not get his windows mended and cleaned? he replied, that " he had thoughts of doing it for ſeveral years paſt, but that he really had not time, yet he was thinking of doing it!" Why don't you open your window-ſhutters, Mr. Bentley? " Why, Sir, they have not been opened theſe fifteen years; but I am thinking about opening them!"

His houſe appears to be very large, but is as dirty in front as it is in the interior; the windows are literally as black and as thick of dirt and ſmoke as the back of a chimney grate that had not been ſwept for ſeven years. The broken windows are repaired by old tea-trays or waiters, to fill up the broken vacancy: a few indifferent doggerel lines will eaſier deſcribe Mr. Bentley's houſe and ſhop, than perhaps the moſt elaborate deſcription in proſe on ſuch a ſingular ſubject!

Who but has ſeen (if he can ſee at all),
'Twixt Aldgate's well known pump and Leadenhall,
A curious hardware-ſhop, in general full
Of wares from Birmingham and Pontipool?
Begrim'd with dirt, behold its ample front,
With thirty years collected filth upon't:
See feſtoon'd cobwebs pendant o'er the door,
While boxes, bales, and trunks, are ſtrew'd around the floor.
Behold how whiſtling winds and driving rain
Gain free admiſſion at each broken pane,
Save where the dingy tenant keeps them out,
With urn or tray, knife-caſe, or dirty clout!
Here ſnuffers, waiters, patent-ſcrews for corks;
There caſtors, card-racks, cheeſe-trays, knives and forks;
Here many caſes pil'd in heaps on high;
There pack-thread, papers, rope, in wild diſorder lie.

The writer found Mr. Bentley to be, as was reported of him, with all his eccentricity, a very intelligent, ſenſible, and polite man; he might be compared to a diamond begrimed with dirt, which

which though it may conceal its luſtre in ſuch a ſtate, yet it can eaſily recover its original poliſh! Inſtead therefore of being what is called a rough diamond, he is only an unwaſhed one; but certainly not a diamond of the firſt water! In the adoption of this dirty ſyſtem, there is no inconſiderable portion of pride and vanity in Mr. Bentley: ſtrange perverſion of taſte! yet not altogether unaccountable on the ſcore of ſelfiſhneſs and intereſt. Experience has allowed him to prove that this uncommon whim has acquired him public notoriety! He has calculated that if he was to be clean in his perſon, and wear a coat, and to have a decent ſhop, he ſhould then be only like the generality of other ſhopkeepers, and might be overlooked or neglected amongſt ſuch a numerous herd! "Sir," ſaid he, "a lady came purpoſely from Yorkſhire to ſee me, as a very remarkable character ſhe had heard of!"

Mr. Bentley's neighbours have frequently offered to defray the expence of painting and white-waſhing the front of his houſe; but this he conſtantly refuſes, alleging that his ſhop is ſo well known abroad by the denomination of "the dirty warehouſe," that it would ruin his trade with the Levant! But his ruling paſſion is avarice, and it appears to govern him with uncontroulable ſway in all his actions. He is afraid of being robbed; he therefore keeps no ſervants. When he goes out, he chains up his ſhop door, and employs an old barrow-woman, who ſells fruit and gingerbread, cloſe to his houſe, to give a ſharp look out until he returns, and for this ſervice he remunerates her with ſparing pence! His expenditure in coals muſt be very trifling, for, except when abſolutely indiſpenſible, he conſiders fires as extravagant; but as his feet from age or other circumſtances are chilly in the winter ſeaſon, he fills a box with ſtraw and ſtands in it! Ever remindful of the ſame rule, is the reaſon of his filling up the aperture of a broken window with old tea-trays and waiters, remarking that it is the cheapeſt method of repairing the damage! It is ſaid that his father left an injunction in his will, that he was never to repair his houſe, that if a brick was to fall out it was not to be replaced; if any of the wood work decayed, not an inch of ſound timber was allowed to repair it, and ſo with the windows. If it be ſo, there never was a more dutiful ſon in obeying more punctually the will of an odd father! But this is no more probable than that of his laying an injunction on his worthy ſon never to waſh his hands and face; his apology on that ſcore is ſomewhat curious—he ſays, "If he did waſh them, they would want waſhing again to-morrow; and he was reſolved not to uſe them to expect ſuch delicate and expenſive cuſtoms, for ſoap was dear, and towels would want waſhing alſo!"

It is likewiſe ſaid, that his father left another ſtrange injunction in his will, which was to oblige his ſon to purchaſe annually

two thouſand pounds worth of goods, at the leaſt, in order that his ſon's mind ſhould be always occupied in buſineſs. Hence it may be accounted for, why Mr. Bentley has ſuch a large ſtock left on hand at preſent: we may ſuppoſe very juſtly, that during the late long war, his favourite Levant trade has not proved ſo productive as formerly.

The writer of this aſked him, whether the tea-trays and waiters put in the apertures of the broken windows were new goods? The anſwer was, "Yes, Sir, they were new when I had them, and they only want varniſhing to be new again!" From ſuch a confuſed heap of various articles ſold by ſuch an eccentric character, people generally believe that they can get great bargains, and he is ſo polite in his ſhop, that if an article is wanted that might not be worth ſixpence, and he ſhould happen not to have it, he would go half over the town to procure it, rather than loſe his cuſtomer!

It is well known that Mr. Bentley has been remarkably partial to the fair ſex, and has had midnight revels in his houſe. At that period he might have been clean and fair enough himſelf, but now his dirty figure and dark and dirty ſhop ſo ſhock the females, that they rarely venture into it unattended.

The lower claſs of people have a ſuperſtitious notion, that he has a blue-room for the ſame purpoſe as is told in the old idle ſtory of blue-beard; and that thoſe females who have been ſeen to enter his houſe were never ſeen to go out of it again! It is true that he has a locked up room in his houſe that has not been opened for a great number of years, and which circumſtance has probably occaſioned ſuch an abſurd report, and which credulity delights to ſwallow. The reaſon that this room is faſtened, and which he has not entered into for many years, is owing to the following circumſtance:

Mr. Bentley was engaged to be married to a beautiful young woman; a few days before the ceremony was to take place, he invited her and her relations to partake of an elegant dejeune. Having prepared all things ready for their reception, he anxiouſly waited for the arrival of his intended bride, when a meſſenger entered the room, and informed him of the melancholy news of the young lady's ſudden death! This ſo affected him that he whimſically reſolved to faſten up the room, and never to enter it as long as he lived! Every article that was prepared for the entertainment, with the neceſſary appurtenances, were left in the order they were placed; he nailed up the windows and door, and in that ſtate it has continued ever ſince.

Mr. Bentley does not ſeem to wiſh that people ſhould think him otherwiſe than that of an eccentric ſingular miſer! On being aſked by our friend whether he kept a dog or cat? "What for Sir?" To deſtroy any vermin you may have in your

your houſe, rats, mice, &c. " No Sir, they only make more dirt and ſpoil more goods than any ſervice they are of! but as to rats and mice, how can they live in my houſe? when I take care to leave them nothing to eat!"

Mr. Bentley does keep a carriage! but it is an old one of his father's, which he keeps in a cellar! His ſiſter has an elegant chariot, and often comes to ſee him, but never alights, being as much afraid of the filth of his houſe, as the common people are of his blue-room.

The whimſicalities of Mr. Bentley, however humorous or novel they may appear to the reader, are of ſerious evil to his neighbours, and they might juſtly addreſs him in ſome ſuch lines as the following:

O ſay, thou enemy to ſoap and towels!
Haſt no compaſſion lurking in thy bowels?
Think what thy neighbours ſuffer by thy whim
Of keeping houſe and ſelf in ſuch a trim?
The officers of health ſhould view the ſcene,
And put thy ſhop and thee in quarantine;
Conſider thou in ſummer's ardent heat,
When various means are tried to cool the ſtreet,
What muſt each decent neighbour ſuffer then
From noxious vapours iſſuing from thy den?
Say, if within the ſtreet where thou doſt dwell
Each houſe were kept exactly like thy cell:
O ſay, thou enemy to brooms and mops,
How long thy neighbours would keep open ſhops,
If following thee in taſte, each wretched elf,
Unſhav'd, unwaſh'd, and ſqualid, like thyſelf
Reſolv'd to live? The anſwer's very plain—
One year would be the utmoſt of their reign:
Victims to filth each vot'ry ſoon would fall,
And one grand jail-diſtemper kill them all!

E. H.

July 20, 1802.

In a ſubſequent letter the ſame writer ſays, that " The facts and delineations of the character, are not tranſiently drawn; they are given with a ſcrupulous attention to ſuch truths as I could collect from himſelf, and perſons of various degrees in the neighbourhood. I would rather " extenuate, than ſet down aught" for the ſake of giving a higher glow to the various tints of his portrait. The character, as it is, appears to be nearly ſuited to Bentley's wiſhes, as he lives with an extraordinary ambition to be held up to notoriety for his eccentricity! and why ſhould he not be indulged in his humour? I told him a few days ſince what were my intentions; he did not appear diſpleaſed; at the ſame time he informed me, that he had promiſed a gentleman a particular article in his ſhop for four years paſt,

and

and though it was within three or four yards of him, he had not time to look after it, but had been thinking of doing it with all poſſible diſpatch. He further told me, that "the dirty ware-houſe" ſent goods to every part of the world—his houſe being completely full in every corner, excepting the nailed-up or blue-room."

Letters written during an Excurſion through France to Geneva.

(Concluded from Page 112.)

Genéve, Monday, Dec. 21, 1801.

THANKS to the moon, who has been very kind to us, we are here at laſt! You will like to hear ſomething of our operations ſince we left Poligny. Being obliged to take the circuit of Bourge en Breſſe, we determined to make a grand puſh. On Wedneſday, therefore, as there was but little ſnow on the ground, and that was frozen ſo as to improve the roads, by having filled the ruts, we were in the carriage very early, and did not ſtir foot out of it till the clock ſtruck ten at night, when we found ourſelves at Bourge, a diſtance of about ſixty three miles fram Poligny. No preparation was made for us, as De Buck could ſcarcely get his ſtumbling bidet along the road. We did not ſit down to dinner till half paſt eleven o'clock, after which we enjoyed our Burgundy till one, and I felt no diſpoſition to uſe my pen and ink. Leaving Mont Jura, we bore a little off from the mountains, and the road wound by the ſide of them at a conſiderable diſtance during almoſt the whole of that day's journey, which, though a very fatiguing, was a very delightful one; the form of the hills varying with every turn of the wheel, and the ſtriking oppoſition of deep ſhade and brilliant light, forcibly contraſted by the ſun-beams, which were reflected from large maſſes of unſullied ſnow, added much to the romantic richneſs of the ſcenery. Here and there, on ſome ſeemingly inacceſſible precipice, ſtand the tottering ruins of an ancient caſtle, and in the vallies are ſprinkled frequent villages, on both of which the imagination may repoſe with pleaſure; the diſmantled towers, and the proſtrate ſtrength of the one, may be contemplated with no leſs complacency, than the preſent ſecurity and ſnugneſs of the other. On aſcending ſome of theſe hills, the horizon was only bounded by the weakneſs of man's viſion, which could penetrate no farther; theſe are not views which delight me: one is bewildered by the confuſion and diminutiveneſs of the objects, but I particularly remember, that twice, when we were on no very lofty ground, the landſcape was exceſſively beautiful. I ſuſpect there was an

optical deception in the caſe: the valley below us appeared to be of a concave ſhape, and in whichever direction the eye extended itſelf, the diſtant ground ſeemed gently to riſe, and as the ſphere of viſion was not large, the effect was extremely pleaſing. Towards evening, the air being clear and froſty, we had a fine view of the ſetting-ſun; but a ſun ſet among the Alps! who is to deſcribe it? A man's pen muſt be dipped in the rich colours which adorn the ſky, and play reflected on the mountains: the ſcene is only to be conceived by an actual view of it: I ſhall not attempt what a thouſand have failed in, but content myſelf with ſimply ſtating, that the predominant colour, ſometimes faint and ſometimes ſtrong, is that grey miſty purple, which has ſometimes been repreſented with conſiderable truth and effect upon the canvas.

From Bourge, we proceeded, amidſt a thick ſnow, towards Nantua. Oxen are more and more abundantly uſed in draught as we come nearer to Genéve: the carts which are uſed for the carriage of goods are, I ſhould imagine, not above two-thirds ſo wide, and certainly two-thirds longer, than thoſe of England. Like the caravans over the great deſert, they travel in large companies; we frequently meet ſixteen, eighteen, twenty of theſe long-backed carriages in a ſtring together, each drawn by a ſingle horſe, with about half a dozen drivers attending them. This mode is probably adopted by the carmen, that either may render aſſiſtance to the other in caſe of accident: where the road is ſo bad, that a ſingle horſe is unequal to the draught, we have more than once ſeen two or three unyoked from the neighbouring carts, and added to that which is in diſtreſs: the others, in their turn, receive the ſame aſſiſtance. Villages now became more thickly ſcattered around us, and population obviouſly increaſed.

The road from Bourge to Nantua lies through the village of Cerdon, where we changed horſes, and were informed, that as a heavy mountain was before us, extra cattle would be neceſſary. We had no ſooner left the village, than we began to aſcend; and the impreſſion which this moſt perilous of all roads made on my mind, no time or circumſtance I think can efface. The aſcent was oftentimes ſo ſteep, that had any of the horſes refuſed draft, or made a falſe ſtep, the carriage muſt have run backwards till ſome piece of rock had overturned it into the gulph below; the road, which muſt have been cut with great labour up the ſide of the mountain, although in ſome places wide enough for two carriages to paſs, frequently (perhaps in conſequence of the drifted ſnow), did not leave us above two feet on either ſide of the wheels; nor is there the ſlighteſt defence againſt the precipice; ſcarcely a ſtone or a buſh to mark the limits of ſecurity! It may give you ſome faint inadequate idea of this monſtrous range of crags, that when to appearance we had aſcended

half

half way of their viſible altitude, the lofty timbers which we had left in the valley were almoſt loſt upon us; we looked over them, and they were reduced to little tufts of bruſh-wood, while the larch, which covered part of the hill on the oppoſite ſide of the vale, appeared like the little maiden's hair of the meadow. After looking down this dreadful and immediate declivity, ſo diſtant that all was confuſion, we turned our eyes upwards, and the naked overhanging rocks ſeemed not to have loſt one inch of their height ſince we had begun to aſcend them: the ſnow was drifted againſt the edge of the precipice, had the wheel touched its treacherous ſurface, inſtant and inevitable deſtruction muſt have enſued. After we had ſcaled Mont Cerdon, the road ran among hills and vallies: but the evening fell faſt upon us, and probably relieved our eyes from the ſight of ſimilar dangers, As the moon roſe I recollect remarking the contraſt between the black rocks which ſeemed to encloſe us on every ſide, and an extenſive level ſurface of what appeared to be turf, lying at a conſiderable diſtance immediately under our feet. There was a ſerenity and peacefulneſs ſpread over the lawn that were uncommonly ſtriking, and we were ſurpriſed that no hut was peeping out to enjoy them. After a time our ſurpriſe ſubſided, for deſcending the mountain, we heard the rippling water; and the moon increaſing its light, ſhewed us, that what we had miſtaken for graſs, was a lake, along the ſide of which we had been inconſciouſly travelling. We much regretted, being ſo unfortunate as to paſs the Lac de Cerdon in the night time; but at ſeven o'clock, we reached Nantua, and forgot our regret at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, one of the cleaneſt, and in every reſpect the moſt comfortable inn, that we have found in the courſe of the journey.

We determined to reach Genéve the following day:—Roſe at five, had a good fire and coffee prepared for us, and were in the carriage by ſix o'clock: it was a lovely day and a lovely ride. Early in the morning we paſſed the Lac de Nantua, a narrow winding piece of water, not very rich in ſurrounding beauties: the road, however, runs by the ſide of a water-fall, which, when it thaws, muſt have a fine effect. Between Bellegarde and Coulonges, about three miles diſtant from the former, Mont Blanc preſented to us a front of immeaſurable magnitude; the ſurrounding hills awed by his majeſtic preſence, ſeemed to ſhrink into littleneſs and inſignificance. A light fleecy cloud curled round the brow of the mountain, which looked like another Olympus, the fabled reſidence of Jove; I really could hardly help fancying, that the old thunderer was then holding a council of the gods and goddeſſes on the concerns of us mortals, from whoſe unholy eyes they were veiled by the clouds that coil round them. The road from Coulonges to St. Genis is ſtrikingly grand; it holds a circuitous courſe midway among the wildeſt rocks; below is a deep and narrow vale, watered by the dark-

blue Rhone, in its way to Lyons, where the Saone joins it, and whence the united rivers run into the Mediterranean. Among theſe rocks, commanding a great part of the valley, but itſelf commanded by ſuperior eminences, ſtands the fortreſs, which, till lately, divided France from the independent republic of Genéve. Fort de l'Ecluſe is now garriſoned by French ſoldiers, to whom we ſhewed our paſſports, and who ſuffered us to paſs without any delay, ſo that we paſſed the drawbridge of Genéve, at between five and ſix o'clock, on Friday, the 18th, having been nine days on our journey from Paris.

Tueſday, 22—You will have juſt reaſon to accuſe me of indolence, if I do not give you ſome account of this delightful ſpot, and communicate all the information I can collect reſpecting the manners, cuſtoms, &c. of the people: but my letter is already ſo long, that I dare not begin a ſubject which muſt neceſſarily occupy much room: you muſt wait with patience, my good friend, till I have opportunity to begin another ſheet. It will not be fair, however, to delay for a moment to inform you, that we have experienced here the moſt flattering reception: there is an openneſs and generoſity depicted on the countenances of the Genevans, which form a very favourable and obvious diſtinction between them and their neighbours on the other ſide of Fort de l'Ecluſe; and *Fronti nulla fidas*, ſhall not be my motto, at any rate, till I am an older man.

In conſequence of M. Parregaux's letter of introduction, immediately on our arrival we called on M. Heutſch, who received us with much politeneſs, and introduced us to M. and Madame Odier. This latter gentleman is a phyſician and profeſſor of medicine of much eminence: he received his medical education at Edinburgh, and ſpeaks Engliſh with much fluency, and with the moſt grammatical correctneſs. When Bonaparte was at Genéve, Dr. Odier was in company with him two or three times, and he expreſſed to me his aſtoniſhment at the variety of knowledge the Firſt Conſul diſplayed: whatever ſubject was brought before him, phyſic, morals, natural philoſophy, chemiſtry, phyſiology, Bonaparte converſed on each of theſe ſubjects as if he had made it one of the principal ſtudies of his life! He had inveſtigated the nature of the diſeaſes of his army in Egypt, and diſcuſſed them like a profeſſional man: when he was on the eve of croſſing the Alps with his army, an atchievement before which, if we conſider the incumbrance of cannon, the famed paſſage of Hannibal muſt loſe half its difficulties, Bonaparte converſed on different ſubjects with the ſame calmneſs and *ſang-froid*, that he would have done, had he been merely going from

the Tuilleries to Mal-maiſon. No man ſurely ever profited more by the Horatian advice,

Equam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem.

You will not infer, from this voluntary acknowledgment of the aſtoniſhing capacity and mental acquirements of an individual, that the French nation is reſpected here, or that that individual himſelf, in his political character, is an object of eſteem. Truly, no. The Genevans hate the French: theſe latter are invariably deteſted, abhorred, abominated, and—you may complete the ſentence with any other word, if you can find one more expreſſive of antipathy. To the Engliſh, on the contrary, they are extremely attached; at any rate, they pretend to be ſo, and a compliment is certainly due to their politeneſs, even if it be at the expence of their ſincerity: we are the firſt who have arrived here ſince the ſignature of the preliminaries, and it is difficult to form a conception of the delight which every one ſeems to feel who knows where we come from: they receive us with the cordiality of an old friend, whoſe intimacy had, by ſome untoward accident, been ſuſpended, rather than with the ſhyneſs of a ſtranger, who had never heard of us before. The Genevans ſeem to be proud of what ſimilarity exiſts between their manners and thoſe of the Engliſh, and expreſs themſelves heartily ſolicitous that a free intercourſe might take place between us: this kindneſs on their part has doubtleſs excited a reciprocal prejudice (for, in the ſtrict ſenſe of the word, it certainly is a prejudice) on our's. This day, at a dinner, at M. le Cointe's, where about twenty ladies and gentlemen were ſeated at table, one of the company, in compliment to us, ſent round a bumper to the health of King George: had we been in France, our politeneſs would certainly have prompted us to have returned the civility, by drinking a bumper to the Firſt Conſul; but, in the preſent caſe, it would have been a very queſtionable compliment. But I promiſed to releaſe you ſome time ago, and will now be as good as my word: I will not be idle in collecting any information which may intereſt you. Believe me,

Very affectionately, your's,&c. &c.

The principal Ornaments of an exalted Station.

MODERATION, integrity, generoſity, and the reſt of that lovely train of virtues, are the principal ornaments of an exalted ſtation, and give the higheſt value to a plentiful fortune. Real eſteem and honour are only to be obtained by intellectual and

and moral accompliſhments. Authority may create fear; an ability to confer favours may command a ſervile attention; a ſplendid appearance may attract the gaze of vulgar admiration; and ceremonious civility and artful adulation may wait upon ſuperior rank: but the rich and powerful are then only ſincerely reſpected, when they diſcover a ſuperior underſtanding, manly views, and laudable purpoſes in the uſe and application of their wealth; they are then only heartily beloved, when they ſoften the ſplendours of their ſtation by condeſcenſion and humility, and diſtribute the ſuperfluities of their wealth, with a judicious but liberal hand, in acts of beneficence.

GENERAL REVIEW *of* POLITICS

For July, 1802.

FRANCE.

BY the accounts from Paris, we learn, that the brilliancy of the fête, on the 14th, was by no means equal to that which on former occaſions had been exhibited, excepting the military pomp diſplayed on the parade, where there was an immenſe aſſemblage of troops. Deputies appeared for all the corps, and colours were preſented to a number of new regiments. A dinner was prepared at the great gallery of the palace. A certain air of ſecreſy and myſtery pervaded: and thoſe that were preſent are of opinion, that a plan is formed of a conſiderable change in the conſtitution. The execution of this plan, however, has been adjourned, after having been ſubmitted to the inſpection of the ſtate council. Two chambers are in contemplation, to be called reſpectively poſſeſſeurs and induſtrieux.

Joſeph Bonaparte has been choſen by the council of ſtate as their grand officer in the legion of honour. The organization of that region is completed, and the revenues aſſigned for its ſupport 5,265,257 livres.

France has acquired by the late war, an extent of territory of 1498 ſquare leagues, and a population of 4,381,266 inhabitants, namely, Savoy, 411,700: the county of Nice, 93,366; Avignon, the county of Venloo, 90,000; Belgium, 1,800,000; the left bank of the Rhine 1,658,500; Geneva, and its territory, 40,000; Mulhauſen 7,200.

The Chief Conſul, it appears, is reſolved to carry into immediate effect, the plan of forming a legion of honour. In purſuance of a meſſage from the conſuls, the conſervative ſenate have choſen out of their number General Kellerman, to be a member of the grand council of adminiſtration for the inſtitution. The tribunate and legiſlative body alſo, are without delay to proceed to the election of members to repreſent them in this body. From the pointed interference of the French government with

the ſix departments of Piedmont, there can be but little doubt that this principality is to be joined, forthwith, to the immenſe Gallican republic; the current coin of the former is to undergo an alteration, at the inſtance of the Chief Conſul; and General Jourdan has been making a variety of ſtrong remonſtrances upon the ſubject of contributions.

A decree has been publiſhed dividing the republic into ſixteen parts, in each of which there is to be a company of the legion of honour. When this inſtitution was originally propoſed, it was eaſy to perceive that it was deſigned by the Chief Conſul to be a means of ſupporting his authority. By the mode in which it is formed it will have the whole weight and conſequence of a military nobility, and by being thus generally diffuſed over the departments of the republic, its general influence will be more ſtrongly felt among the great body of the people.

SARDINIA.

We have unexpectedly met with another of thoſe pious abdications, which are far more frequent in catholic than in proteſtant countries. Diſguſted with the the loſs of ſo large a part of his dominions, and feeling the vanity of every pleaſure derivable from this world, the king of this iſland has directed his attention to a better; and by an inſtrument dated at Rome the 4th of June, has reſigned hiscrown and dominions in favour of his brother, the Duke de Aoſt, who has, in conſequence, ſucceeded to the crown, under the name of Victor Emanuel.

TURKEY.

The rebel Oſman Pacha, has again advanced towards Adrianople with conſiderable force, but the new beglerbeg, of Romelia, Ali Pacha, has oppoſed to him a vigorous reſiſtance. He had already beaten him in ſeveral engagements; and has alſo been able to detach from a party of the inſurgents a great number of Albaneſe, who had joined them. Ali ſtates, that the meaſures he had taken for inſuring ſafety on the roads, have anſwered his expectations. A numerous band of brigands have aſſembled alſo in Macedonia, and were preparing to plunder the rich convents of the Greeks, ſituated on Mount Athos, but a Lieutenant Pacha, of Salonica, having ſet out in purſuit of them, they were totally diſperſed.

The downfall, or at leaſt, the diſmemberment of this uncompacted empire, becomes every day more obvious. The beys are as refractory as ever in Egypt, and bid open defiance to every degree of power that can be brought againſt them; while in the more northern regions Paſſwan Oglou, and another rebellious Pacha, of the name of Giorgi Oſman, are ravaging the neighbourhood of Adrianople. It is ſuſpected, and certainly not without reaſon, that theſe ſyſtematic rebellions are fomented

by

by ſome European courts. It is not unlikely, that they may have been the ſubject of much of the royal conference at Memel. The plan of partition is probably already decided upon; and it is much apprehended, that the alliance of France is to be bought by a ſurrender of Egypt to the Chief Conſul.

GERMANY.

A ſcene of frantic violence took place at Munich, about the beginning of June. Some of the tumultuous ſcenes uſual on the pilgrimage, which uſed to be annually exhibited, having been attempted to be ſuppreſſed by the magiſtrates, the journeymen employed on theſe occaſions made a riot, but, by the exertions of the military, order was reſtored.

Authentic intelligence has been received, by way of Holland, about the middle of July, that the elector of Mentz is to have Ratiſbon for his reſidence. He will alſo have the biſhopric of that city, ſeveral ſmall prelatures, and the bailliage of Aſchaffenburgh, beſides a million and a half of florins, annually from the other ſtates of the empire.

According to ſome accounts, the government of Hanover has offered to exchange the biſhopric of Oſnaburgh for the biſhopric of Hildeſheim, which has been allotted as an indemnity to Pruſſia. This propoſition, however, is attended with great difficulties. It is likewiſe aſſerted, that Pruſſia will receive the abbies of Werden and Herverden.

HELVETIC REPUBLIC.

For the acceptance of the new Helvetic conſtitution there are in all 240,000 voices, and for its rejection 70,000. The cantons of Uri, Schweitz, and Underwalden, have unanimouſly rejected it.

WEST INDIES.

Notwithſtanding the treaty between General Leclerc and General Touſſaint, the negro chief has been ſent to France, as a priſoner, with all his family. General Leclerc, in a letter, dated May 12, ſays, that Touſſaint, ever ſince his ſurrender, has been inceſſantly conſpiring to regain his influence in the colony, when he was under the neceſſity of having him arreſted. How far this accuſation is true, or whether it has only been a pretence to get rid of a man, whoſe influence was ſo great in the colony, we pretend not to ſay. Leclerc ſpeaks of his perfidy in ſtrong terms; and announces that his departure cauſed a general joy at the Cape.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Miniſters have taken the moſt effectual and ſpeedy meaſures to reduce our naval and military force, thereby ſhewing their

their ſtrong conviction of the probability of the continuance of peace, and their ſincere deſire that the public ſhould reap the advantages of it, particularly in the article of proviſions. So ſucceſsful, however, have been the nefarious arts of the enemies of mankind, that the combined bleſſings of the laſt moſt bountiful harveſt, and the ſubſequent definitive treaty of peace, have not yet produced all the pleaſing effects which might naturally have been expected to reſult from them. Shambles meat is an article the price of which has been moſt ſhamefully kept up, notwithſtanding the demands for the army and navy have ſo materially decreaſed, and conſiderable ſales have taken place of the proviſions intended for their uſe. We hope, however, that for once it may be found true, *that things will have their true level*, and that the united kingdom will ſpeedily and fully enjoy thoſe bleſſings which a kind providence ſeems intending for them.

The general election which has lately taken place, augurs not ill for the future proſpects of the country; they have exhibited, taking them in the general, leſs bribery, and more independence, than ſeveral preceding ones. We believe it is true, that leſs miniſterial influence has been uſed on this than on ſome former occaſions; and the ſentiment that ſeems to overpower all others is, the wiſh that peace may be permanent, and productive of general happineſs. It would be inexcuſable here to omit to mention, that the freeholders of the county of Dorſet, as well as ſome other places, have refuſed to accept even a dinner at the expence of their members, being determined they ſhall go to parliament in a manner the moſt honourable to themſelves and to thoſe by whom they were ſent.

The public diſlike of thoſe who wiſhed the war to have been continued has been very decidedly expreſſed, in a number of inſtances, during the late general election. Among the moſt prominent may be reckoned, the failure of Mr. Windham at Norwich, and that of Mr. Baker for the county of Hertford. It may be alſo remarked that Mr. Honeywood ſtood at the head of the poll for Kent, Mr. Coke for Norfolk, Mr. Fox for Weſtminſter, and Mr. Alderman Combe for London; all theſe gentlemen were ſtrong advocates for the reſtoration of peace.

The conteſt for Middleſex, which has been long and arduous, has been of a peculiar caſt. It was not a conteſt between the late or preſent adminiſtration and their opponents, but between Mr. Mainwaring and a character of a very peculiar deſcription, the governor of Cold Bath Fields Bridewell. Mr. Mainwaring, who has repreſented Middleſex in the laſt three parliaments, who has preſided, with diſtinguiſhed propriety and impartiality, as chairman of the quarter-ſeſſions for that county for many years, and whoſe private character is highly eſtimable, is to be repreſented as the abettor of cruelty and oppreſſion, and the enemy of liberty. It may be hard to forgive him for the ſupport of Mr. Pitt and

the war; we think, however, it is far from impoſſible, that that ſupport might have been given from principle, and we believe his integrity is unimpeached. With reſpect to the conduct of Aris, as governor of Cold Bath Fields Bridewell, if Mr. Mainwaring has erred, he has certainly erred in good company. The charge of cruelty againſt Aris has been loud and reiterated; but the charge againſt him has been examined into by a committee of magiſtrates and a committee of the Houſe of Commons. The deciſion of both exonerated Aris from the charge of cruelty. Here then the facts end. Admiring, in many inſtances, the oppoſition of Sir Francis Burdett to the continuance of the war, and to other meaſures unfriendly to the intereſts of the country, we are ſorry to find that he has been obliged to have reſource to clamour and noiſe to ſecure his election. If it could have been proved that Aris had wantonly ill-uſed a ſingle individual, he might have been brought before a jury of his countrymen, who would moſt certainly have conſigned him to condign puniſhment, had the charge been proved againſt him. We do not, therefore, deem it uncandid to obſerve, that we apprehend we ſhould never again have heard of the charge againſt Aris, had it not afforded a moſt excellent opportunity of decrying, among the undiſtinguiſhing multitude, the character of Mr. Mainwaring, and giving great temporary popularity to that of Sir Francis Burdett. Each of their merits muſt, however, be determined, not by noiſe and tumult, but by cool and impartial enquiry; and then, perhaps, it will appear that the intentions of Mr. Mainwaring were equally honourable with thoſe of Sir Francis Burdett.

Anecdotes of Catharine II. late Empreſs of Ruſſia.

[From Secret Memoirs of the Court of Peterſburgh, Vol. III.]

ONE day Catharine was told that her buſt, in Parian marble, carefully preſerved in a cryſtal glaſs in one of the apartments of the Hermitage, had juſt been found painted. Great endeavours were made to irritate her againſt this inſolence, and to cauſe its authors to be ſought after in order to puniſh them ſeverely for this inſult to her imperial majeſty. Catharine II. without appearing either incenſed or ſurpriſed, contented herſelf with ſaying, "It is, probably, one of the pages, who wanted to rally me on the habit I have of wearing rouge. The only thing to be done is to waſh my buſt."

The empreſs had harboured and adopted a little boy, whom the police had found abandoned in the ſtreets: ſhe ſent him daily to take leſſons at the German ſchool. One day the child appeared on his return leſs gay than uſual. Catharine took him on her knees, and aſked him the cauſe of his grief. "Ah, mamma," ſaid

ſaid he, " I have cried ſadly; our maſter at the ſchool is dead; his wife and children cry a great deal; every one is dreſſed in black, and they ſay that this woman and her children are extremely unfortunate, becauſe they are very poor, and have nobody to give them a bit of dinner." The empreſs immediately ſent an aid-de-camp to the director of the ſchool to enquire into the matter, and on learning that a teacher had juſt died, leaving his wife and children in the greateſt diſtreſs, ſhe ſent inſtantly by the little boy three hundred rubles to the widow, with an order to the head-maſter to have the three orphan children brought up at the expence of the crown. Here we ſee the heart of Catharine: thus it was that innocence ſometimes brought her the complaints of ſuffering humanity, and that ſhe haſtened to afford it ſuccour.

It is well known that an artificial cold may be produced by the mixture of ſnow and ſalt of nitre; a heat, and even an artificial fire, may likewiſe be obtained by the mixture of ſpirit of nitre and oil of turpentine: thoſe two ſubſtances take fire as ſoon as they are mixed, as well as ſeveral others, by a chemical proceſs ſufficiently known. Some years ago a fire broke out on board a frigate in the harbour of Cronſtadt, and had like to have burnt the veſſel. Inquiries were made to diſcover the cauſe of this unfortunate accident, which was attributed to ſome ill diſpoſed perſon. Several ſailors even were apprehended on ſuſpicion, and endeavours were employed in vain to make them confeſs the crime. The empreſs, being informed of this affair, ſaid to the reporter " But, Sir, it ſeems to me that I have learnt in my youth, that the mixture of ſome cold ſubſtances produces fire ſpontaneouſly: perhaps this fire has been occaſioned by an unlucky accident, and it would be a ſad thing to have the innocent puniſhed." She appointed a commiſſion to examine the frigate, and ſeek out the cauſes of the fire. Kraft, the profeſſor of experimental phyſics and chymiſtry to the young grand dukes, was of this commiſſion; and it was diſcovered that the fire had proceeded from a bottle of oil, which had been thrown down on a heap of ſoot in the corner of the chimney. This was at leaſt what was conjectured, and what was reported to the empreſs, who ordered the parties accuſed to be ſet at liberty. She was fond of recollecting this adventure, and related it one day to the young grand dukes. who were ſpeaking to her of their leſſons in phyſics, in order to make them comprehend how uſeful that ſcience might be to them.

On L A W S.

IT is eaſy to form good laws: the difficulty lies in the execution of them. The chief felicity of a nation is to have few laws, and to be accuſtomed to obey them.

A REFLECTION.

A Man who can laugh from the bottom of his heart, and abandon himſelf to the ebullitions of jocundity, cannot be thoroughly bad. Malice and cunning render us ſerious, penſive, and cloſe; but a man who can laugh heartily is not dangerous. From this, however, we muſt not infer that every perſon who is not of a cheerful temper is bent on miſchief.

A Man's Religion is, for the moſt part, determined before he is born.

NOTHING is ſo dependent upon external circumſtances, as the religious opinions of the greater part of mankind; ſentiments, which ſhould be entirely exempt from the influence of every thing external. In fact they are, commonly, juſt as accidental as extraction, and native country, which depend in no reſpect upon ourſelves. In whatever church we have been born, or educated, to that it is expected we muſt belong: ſo that a man's religion is, for the moſt part, determined before he is born, and is much leſs his own choice than his buſineſs or his profeſſion.

A FOOLISH *and* CRIMINAL CURIOSITY.

MANY perſons, in the abundance of their leiſure, unhappily turn their thoughts to things improper for them. Such are thoſe private concerns, which people wiſh to keep ſecret, and have a right to keep ſecret. How apt are ſome to betray their impertinence by lying in wait to overhear converſation; by little clandeſtine inquiries to come at the ſecret hiſtory of families; to dive into the management of their affairs; to learn the ſtate of their fortunes; and to know the truth of every ſcandalous report! A diſpoſition of this ſort is not to be envied; it originates in meanneſs and injuſtice; and the frequent unhappy effects of it upon the peace of others, has deſervedly expoſed it to contempt and indignation. The deſire of knowing ſecrets is generally attended with that of telling them. Hence ſtrife ariſes, and the happineſs of many is deſtroyed for ever. If on any occaſion we are tempted to act in this manner, we ought to reflect that our time is allotted to us for very different purpoſes; and that it might be much better employed, if each of us were intent upon the particular buſineſs of our reſpective calling; mindful of others, when we have it in our power to befriend them; but careful, above all things, to perform the much neglected duty of ſelf-inſpection, and to correct our own faults.

POETRY.

The SAD STORY *of* RUTH.

By Mr. WORDSWORTH.

WHEN Ruth was left half deſolate,
Her father took another mate;
And ſo, not ſeven years old,
The ſlighted child, at her own will
Went wand'ring over dale and hill,
In thoughtleſs freedom bold.

And ſhe had made a pipe of ſtraw;
And, from that oaten pipe, could draw
All ſounds of winds and floods:
Had built a bower upon the green,
As if ſhe, from her birth, had been
An infant of the woods.

There came a youth, from Georgia's ſhore,
A military caſque he wore,
With ſplendid feathers dreſſed:
He brought them from the Cherokees;
The feathers nodded in the breeze,
And made a gallant creſt.

From Indian blood you deem him ſprung?
Ah no! he ſpake the Engliſh tongue;
And bare a ſoldier's name;
And when America was free
From battle, and from jeopardy,
He croſs the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek,
In fineſt tones the youth could ſpeak!
While he was yet a boy,
The moon, the glory of the ſun,
And ſtreams that murmur as they run,
Had been his deareſt joy.

He was a lovely youth I gueſs?
The panther in the wilderneſs
Was not ſo fair as he;
And when he choſe to ſport and play,
No dolphin ever was ſo gay
Upon the tropic ſea.

Among the Indians he had fought:
And with him many tales he brought,
Of pleaſure and of fear:
Such tales as told to any maid,
By ſuch a youth, in the green ſhade,
Were perilous to hear!

He told of girls, a happy rout,
Who quit their fold with dance and ſhout,
Their pleaſant Indian town;
To gather ſtrawberries all day long:
Returning, with a choral ſong,
When day-light is gone down.

He ſpake of plants, divine and ſtrange,
That every day their bloſſoms change,
Ten thouſand lovely hues!
With budding, fading, faded flowers,
They ſtand, the wonder of the bowers,
From morn to evening dews.

He told of the magnolia*, ſpread,
High as a cloud, high over head!
The cypreſs, and her ſpire
Of flowers†, that, with one ſcarlet gleam,
Cover a hundred leagues, and ſeem
To ſet the hills on fire.

The youth of green ſavannahs ſpake;
And many an endleſs, endleſs lake,
With all its fairy crowds
Of iſlands, that together lie,
As quietly as ſpots of ſky
Among the evening clouds.

And then, he ſaid, "How ſweet it were,
"A fiſher, or a hunter, there;
"A gardener in the ſhade;
"Still wand'ring, with an eaſy mind,
"To build a houſehold fire, and find
"A home in every glade!

"What days, and what ſweet years!
"Ah me!
"Our life were life, indeed! with thee,
"So paſſed in quiet bliſs;
"And all the while," ſaid he, "to
"know,
"That we were in a world of woe,
"On ſuch an earth as this!"

And then he, ſometimes, interwove
Dear thoughts about a father's love:
"For there," ſaid he, "are ſpun,
"Around the heart ſuch tender ties,
"That our own children to our eyes
"Are dearer than the ſun.

"Sweet Ruth! and could you go
"with me?
"My helpmate in the woods to be;
"Our ſhed at night to rear?
"Or

* Magnolia grandiflora.

† The ſplendid appearance of theſe ſcarlet flowers which are ſcattered with ſuch profuſion over the hills in the ſouthern parts of North America, is frequently mentioned by Bartram, in his travels.

" Or run, my own adopted bride,
" A ſylvan huntreſs at my ſide,
" And drive the flying deer?

" Beloved Ruth!"—No more he ſaid.
Sweet Ruth, alone, at midnight, ſhed
A ſolitary tear!
She thought again, and did agree,
With him to ſail acroſs the ſea,
And drive the flying deer.

" And now, as fitting is and right,
" We in the church our faith will
" plight,
" A huſband and a wife."
E'en ſo they did; and, I may ſay,
That, to ſweet Ruth, that happy day,
Was more than human life.

Thro' dream and viſion did ſhe ſink:
Delighted, all the while, to think,
That, on thoſe lonely floods,
And green ſavannahs, ſhe ſhould ſhare
His board, with lawful joy, and bear
His name in the wild woods.

But, as you have before been told,
This ſtripling, ſportive, gay, and bold,
And with his dancing creſt
So beautiful; thro' ſavage lands,
Had roam'd about, with vagrant bands
Of Indians in the weſt.

The wind, the tempeſt roaring high;
The tumult of a tropic ſky;
Might well be dangerous food
For him; a youth to whom was giv'n
So much of earth, ſo much of Heav'n,
And ſuch impetuous blood.

Whatever in thoſe climes he found
Irregular, in ſight or ſound,
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulſe; ſeem'd allied
To his own powers, and juſtified
The workings of his heart.

Nor leſs, to feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of nature wrought,
Fair trees, and lovely flowers:
The breezes their own languor lent;
The ſtars had feelings, which they ſent
Into thoſe magic bowers.

Yet, in his worſt purſuits, I ween
That, ſometimes, there did intervene
Pure hopes of high intent:
For paſſions link'd to forms ſo fair
And ſtately, needs muſt have their ſhare
Of noble ſentiment.

But ill he liv'd; much evil ſaw,
With men to whom no better law,
Nor better life, was known:
Deliberately, and undeceiv'd,
Thoſe wild men's vices he receiv'd,
And gave them back his own.

His genius, and his moral frame,
Were thus impair'd, and he became
The ſlave of low deſires:
A man who, without ſelf-controul
Would ſeek what the degraded ſoul
Unworthily admires.

And yet he, with no feign'd delight,
Had woo'd the maiden day and night;
Had lov'd her night and morn:
What could he leſs, than love a maid,
Whoſe heart with ſo much nature play'd,
So kind and ſo forlorn?

But now the pleaſant dream was gone!
No hope, no wiſh remain'd, not one:
They ſtirr'd him now no more:
New objects did new pleaſure give,
And once, again, he wiſh'd to live
As lawleſs as before.

Meanwhile, as thus with him it far'd,
They for the voyage were prepar'd,
And went to the ſea-ſhore:
But, when they thither came, the youth
Deſerted his poor bride, and Ruth
Could never find him more.

God help thee Ruth! Such pains ſhe had,
That ſhe, in half a year, was mad,
And in a priſon hous'd;
And there, exulting in her wrongs,
Among the muſic of her ſongs,
She fearfully carous'd.

Yet ſometimes milder hours ſhe knew;
Nor wanted ſun, nor rain, nor dew,
Nor paſtimes of the May;
They all were with her in her cell;
And a wild brook, with chearful knell,
Did o'er the pebbles play!

When Ruth three ſeaſons thus had lain,
There came a reſpite to her pain;
She from her priſon fled:
But of the vagrant none took thought;
And where it lik'd her beſt ſhe ſought
Her ſhelter and her bread!

Among the fields ſhe breath'd again:
The maſter-current of her brain
Ran permanent and free;
And to the pleaſant banks of Tone*,
She took her way, to dwell alone,
Under the green-wood tree.

The engines of her grief; the tools,
That ſhap'd her ſorrows, rocks, and pools,
And airs that gently ſtir

The

* The Tone is a river of Somerſetſhire, at no great diſtance from the Quantock Hills. Theſe hills, which are alluded to a few ſtanzas below, are extremely beautiful; and, in moſt places, richly covered with coppice woods.

The vernal leaves; ſhe lov'd them ſtill;
Nor ever tax'd them with the ill,
Which had been done to her.

A barn her winter bed ſupplies;
But, till the warmth of ſummer ſkies,
And ſummer days, is gone—
(And in this tale we all agree!)
She ſleeps beneath the green-wood tree,
And other home hath none:

If ſhe be preſs'd by want of food,
She, from her dwelling in the wood,
Repairs to a road ſide:
And there ſhe begs, at one ſteep place,
Where, up and down, with eaſy pace,
The horſemen-travellers ride.

The oaten pipe of her's is mute,
Or thrown away; but with a flute
Her loneline's ſhe cheers;
This flute, made of a hemlock ſtalk,
At evening, in his homeward walk,
The Quantock woodman hears.

I too have paſs'd her on the hills,
Setting her little water-mills
By ſpouts and fountains wild;
Such ſmall machinery, as ſhe turn'd,
Ere ſhe had wept, ere ſhe had mourn'd,
A young and happy child!

Farewell; and when thy days are told,
Ill-fated Ruth! in hallow'd mould,
Thy corpſe ſhall buried be:
For thee a funeral bell ſhall ring;
And all the congregation ſing
A Chriſtian pſalm for thee!

Sent to a Lady, with a Copy of Shenſtone's Works.

UNMOV'D by the dreams that allure
The vot'ries of riches and fame;
Nor aſham'd to be happily poor,
Nor caught with the glare of a name;

In the calm of a rural retreat
This poet would trifle his days,
Forgetting the rich and the great,
And bleſt in his groves and his lays.

He planted the dark waving grove,
And rear'd up the ſweet-ſcenting bower,
Taught the ſtreamlet more wildly to rove,
The caſcade with more grandeur to pour.

His woodlands repaid well his toil,
They ſpread and they bloſſom'd on high;
All nature united to ſmile,
And ſeem'd with his fancy to vie.

Thrice bleſt could the calm that was there
Have alſo been queen of his mind;
Thrice bleſt had not Phillis been fair,
Thrice bleſt had his Phillis been kind,

For he lov'd; by his ſweet-flowing ſtrain,
The pride of her ſex might he won;
Yet to Phillis he warbled in vain,
"She was faithleſs, and he was un-
"done."

From the crowd, from the world far apart,
In nature he found his relief;
Soft feeling attended his heart,
And ſooth'd while it cheriſh'd his grief.

No marble ſhall ſpeak of his fame,
No annals ſhall ſwell in his praiſe;
He ſought but the poet's poor name,
And for ever he lives in his lays.

Unknown to the rich and the great,
May fortune thus deſtine my lot;
Nor envying their lofty eſtate,
Nor griev'd when I look on my cot.

In the eyes of the crowd may they ſhine,
All the joys of parade may they know;
But their pleaſures can ne'er be like mine,
Such as theſe and contentment beſtow.

Let fortune proteſt me from want,
Let fancy ſtill bleſs with her charms;
And more than a monarch can grant,
Let Laura be given to my arms.

A SONNET,

Addreſſed to a Watch-Chain, made and given to me by a young Lady.

AH dear, invaluable chain!
In thee the virtuous magic lies
To ſoothe the ſoul's deſpairing pain,
And triumph o'er expreſſive ſighs.

Tho' here the nymph diſplays her art,
Tho' thou can'ſt boaſt a pow'r divine,
The chain ſhe wove to bind my *heart*,
Poſſeſſes ſkill exceeding thine.

Ah! thou ſhalt claim my neceſt care;
Full proudly ſhall I gaze on thee;
But happier, prouder ſhall I wear
Her chains of love's captivity.

Theſe ſhall ſurvive, and boaſt eternal charms,
When thou art mouldering in oblivion's arms.

Plymouth-Dock. AMOROSO.